

A
R E V I E W
O F T H E
C O N D U C T
O F
P A S C A L P A O L I.

ADDRESSED TO THE

Rt. Hon. WILLIAM BECKFORD, Esq;

LORD MAYOR of the CITY of LONDON.

Mr. BECKFORD, assist to save your Country.

LIVERYMEN of LONDON.

L O N D O N :

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R E V I E W, &c.

THE arrival of PASCAL PAOLI in Britain, hath occasioned more speculation, and given rise to more warm disputes, than any event which hath happened for a long series of years. His character, over all Europe, hath for a considerable time shone with very uncommon lustre. Born a private gentleman, he had no pretensions to authority over his countrymen, but extraordinary merit. And such, it seems, hath been his merit, that, for no less a space than fourteen years, he ruled the Corsican nation; being their commander in chief, both by sea and land, and head of their supreme council; so that, both in civil and military affairs, they have submitted to him.

While a general tranquility prevailed in Europe, the French thought proper to light the

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fatal torch of war in Corsica. All the other states looked unconcernedly on, while one of the most powerful nations on earth exerted her skill and force against one of the smallest and least prepared for hostilities of that kind. France has prevailed, and Corsica is subdued. Where altars were erected to Liberty, the brave islanders must now behold the scaffolds of Tyranny.

The noble stand, however, which the Corsicans, "unaided and alone," have made against so formidable a foe as France, hath placed **them** high in the estimation of mankind; and as their General hath been understood to have had the merit of planning, conducting, we may say inspiring, the glorious defence, his **name** has been raised to the skies.

But now, that all the efforts of the Corsicans have proved in vain, and Paoli is driven from his native country, our views are apt to alter. The ingenious Mr. Smith observes, in his "Theory of Moral Sentiments," that good or bad success has a very great influence upon the opinions which we form of designs or of actions. It is certainly so. General Paoli is now amongst us. The moment a foreigner sets his foot on British ground, he must reckon on being subjected to a severe examination. His presence is considered (or rather *felt*, as little *consideration* is employed on such occasions) as a kind of challenge to scrutinize his conduct, and
a jury

a jury is set upon him immediately, Happy would it be, if such kind of juries were obliged to abstain from eating and drinking till they came to an agreement: we should not have half so much political animosity.

A Review of the Conduct of PASCAL PAOLI seems very much to be wanted at this juncture. The following sheets, therefore, are ventured to the public eye. Literary merit must be laid out of the question; for the Writer of this pamphlet claims no literary merit from it. The pen of a *Junius* is not here. The matter, and not the manner, must be the test of what is now offered.

To you, Mr. Alderman BECKFORD, this Review is addressed: and, I think, it is so addressed with propriety. I shall not mention the loud and extraordinary shouts of your fellow-citizens in Guildhall, as I presume the seventy years of life, of which you spoke so feelingly, have taught you the transient nature of popular applause.

An habitation giddy and unsure,
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven, with blessing BOLINGBROKE!

is the reflection of SHAKESPEARE, the great master of human nature, upon *Bolingbroke's* fall. Perhaps the following passage from the same poet is still better:

Look ; as I blow this feather from my face,
 And as the air blows it to me again,
 Obeying with my wind, when I do blow,
 And yielding to another, when it blows,
 Commanded always by the greater gust ;
 Such is the lightness of you COMMON MEN.

It is to Mr. Beckford, one of the spirited and generous Committee for raising contributions in behalf of the brave Corsicans ; to Mr. Beckford, now, for the second time, taking upon him the grand and important office of Chief Magistrate over the city of London, the noblest metropolis in the world ; it is to Him, that these sheets are addressed. The variety and extent of your occupations will not, I hope, prevent you from perusing with attention, a pamphlet, containing reflections, which, if enforced by you, may have most considerable influence.

PASCAL PAOLI, the chief, whose conduct I am now to review, is the son of GIACINTO PAOLI, one of the chiefs, under whom the Corsicans opposed the tyranny of the Genoese ; a tyranny not to be brooked by a people, who, from the earliest times, had been resolute, valiant, and warlike. They, whom neither the ancient Carthaginians, nor the ancient Romans, could keep in subjection, would hardly crouch beneath the rod of the modern Ligurians. Placed in a mountainous island, fortified by nature, and producing iron and soldiers, the Corsicans bade defiance to a republic, which

which, while it boasts the riches of its individuals, is very contemptible as a state.

But the efforts of the Corsicans, in the great cause of Liberty, were irregular and ineffectual, while they were conducted by several chiefs, whose opposite views and interests distracted the people. It was not till PASCAL PAOLI was elected their General, in 1755, that the affairs of Corsica acquired stability and force. He established an admirable system of democratical government, in which all the subjects of the island had a share in their turn, and which they consequently thought it their interest to support.

Some have imagined, that this great man, like most of the great men who have appeared in the world, must be, in reality, of opinion, that monarchy is the best form of government; that the democratical system, which he encouraged in Corsica, was merely to humour the people as long as they remained rude and boisterous; while he, at the same time, in effect, supported a monarchy, he himself being, to all intents and purposes, a king. Be that as it may, it is clear, that he subjected the formerly ungovernable Corsicans to the regular authority of laws, and made them be respected by the Powers of Europe.

During his administration, the Genoese were driven from the internal parts of the island to take refuge in the fortified towns on
the

the sea-coast, of which they would not long have kept possession, had not the French undertaken to garrison them, in the year 1764.

In 1767, he struck a bold stroke, which surprised all Europe. He made a descent on the island of Capraja, took it after an obstinate siege, and kept possession of it, though attacked by a formidable force from Genoa.

Such was the situation of the brave Corsicans. And there is great reason to believe, that they would soon have made a descent on Genoa itself; in which case, there is no doubt but they would have made themselves masters of it, and so have obliged their former oppressors to change fortunes with them: A change which would have given universal joy to all the rest of Europe.

France then chose to step forth, and with an unrelenting spirit of dominion, to destroy a little nation of heroes, whom it galled her to behold; for *Rousseau* is right, in maintaining that the French would go to the extremity of the earth, to destroy even a single free man.

Having happily escaped from the French, by the timely assistance of a subject of the king of Great-Britain, PASCAL PAOLI, after a tour upon the continent, of which some particulars shall be afterwards noticed, arrived in London, on Wednesday the 20th of September, 1769.

It

It seems, that some of the hot-headed or deluded amongst those who are at present in opposition to our Ministry, had taken a fancy that the illustrious Chief was to take a part in their schemes. Accordingly we had our news-papers filled with idle and incredible reports on that head. *The Supporters of the Bill of Rights* were to meet him in a body, at Harwich : nay, so ridiculous were some people in their conjectures, that it was more than once given out, that he was, immediately on his arrival, to visit Mr. Wilkes, in the King's-Bench prison.

Disappointed in their views, the fomenters of sedition became enraged against the Chief, whom they had extolled with all the pomp of declamation ; or, at least, they chose to appear enraged, in order to influence the multitude, to whom they intended to have held forth PAOLI as a noble firebrand. Strange intention indeed ! but so was certainly the fact.

On Thursday, September 28th, there appeared in the *Middlesex Journal*, the following letter :

TO P A S C A L P A O L I.

S I R,

YOUR historiographer, Mr. Boswell, talks of you and your brave Corsicans in an enthusiastic strain : he says,
 “ Your heart grew big when you spoke of your country-
 “ men : your own great qualities appeared to unusual ad-
 “ vantage, while you described the virtues of those for
 “ whose happiness your whole life was employed. If, said
 you,

“ you, I should lead into the field an army of Corsicans
 “ against an army of double their number, let me but
 “ speak to them, they would conquer or die.” This is
 the character you gave of yourself and your brave Corsi-
 cans; you were, according to Boswell, the most heroic
 general that ever existed. And it is very probable, that the
 Corsicans fighting for every thing dear to them, would not
 have suffered the French to have made so easy a conquest,
 if there had not been treachery and French gold distributed
 freely. We have hitherto had such contradictory accounts,
 that I believe there are not three men in England who
 know any thing of that mysterious affair but yourself. It
 will be necessary for your honour and character, as the late
 general and father of your people, to give the world some
 authentic account of the late amazing conquest of Corsica.
 Is your modesty so great, that the world is to hear nothing
 of your own *personal* behaviour through the whole cam-
 paign?

Mr. Boswell gives us the following description of your
 former *capital*. “ *Corte*, says he, is situated at the foot, and
 “ part on the declivity of a rock, in a plain surrounded
 “ with prodigious high mountains, of a wonderful natural
 “ strength, hemmed in by almost impassable mountains
 “ and narrow defiles, which may be defended with a hand-
 “ ful of men against very large armies. Upon the point
 “ of the rock, prominent above the rest, and on every side
 “ perpendicular, stands the *castle* or *citadel*. It is at the
 “ back of the town, and is almost impregnable, there being
 “ only one winding passage to climb up to it, and that not
 “ capable of admitting more than two persons abreast.”
 This account is given to the world by your own approba-
 tion. This place stood a siege by the French general De
 Thermes, before you were born, from August to October,
 and it was a scarcity of water which at last occasioned a
 surrender. By the French accounts of the last taking of it,
 there was hardly any resistance. Where was the great
 Paoli? We are well assured, not within ten miles of his
capital, where he should have ended his days. It is asserted,
 that he sent no orders to his officers; but it was given out,
 that he was *deserted* by some of his *chiefs*. Was this before

or after they became extremely jealous of their *leader*? who was then certainly meditating his own retreat, and left his men to be an easy sacrifice to the French, who were grown so sickly, that it is affirmed by those who know the situation of the inner part of Corsica, that it might have been *defended* against any army the French could have sent, which would certainly have been destroyed amongst those almost inaccessible rocks and mountains. Wherever the fault lay, it is most certainly your duty to explain it immediately to the world, as you are now in a country where the liberty of the press is indulged, and at a juncture when the *body* of the people of England are *justly* and *loudly* complaining against those very men whom you are now caressing; of those men who made the last *infamous* peace with France, and advised the issuing out a proclamation, printed in the Gazette, and lately re-printed in the *Middlesex Journal*, in which you and your people were declared *rebels*, and all intercourse with Corsica forbid under severe penalties. If you had any *honour*, or any *repentment*, these were the last persons you should have seen; but this was concerted at the Hague. They need not have been afraid of your being caressed by the *patriots*. They have, with very good reason, *suspected* you before, and since you left Corsica in the hands of the French.

But pray, Sir, what apology can you make to *those friends of liberty*, who took such pains to collect a large sum of money, and remitted it to you at Leghorn after your escape. It is expected that you should give an account of what you have done with that money. Have you been spending it in show and parade, when the poor women and children in Corsica are perishing for want? It was expected long ago, that you should have given public thanks to the contributors; who thought they were giving their money to the *defender of the liberties* of a free people, against the *unjust* and *cruel* attack of the French. Have you shewn the least marks of gratitude since that time?

Is not your present behaviour an *insult* upon the *only* persons that supported you?

If you think of gaining any popularity here, you are mistaken;

taken; the people of this kingdom will not be duped so often as they have been.

Send for your *Scotch biographer*, let him answer this letter, and you may depend upon a reply, if it deserves one.

The first step you should take is, to return the money sent you by *the lovers of liberty*; and as those to whom you have now attached yourself have the money of *the public* at their devotion, and, if you can be of any use to them, will reward you liberally; you may do immediate justice to those who contributed to you, and who have great and strong reasons to suspect your honour and integrity, &c. &c. They expect a plain and categorical answer to this letter.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Sept. 28. 1769.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

P. S. This paper shall be sent to your lodgings this evening.

There never, perhaps, was a performance so full of impertinence, so insolent, and so rude as this. Considering General Paoli only in the light of a stranger, it was shameful, and disgraced the country in which it was published. Considering him as the illustrious personage whom all Europe admires and reveres, there are not epithets in our language strong enough to express its brutality. We may, at least, felicitate ourselves on this; as the Romans boasted in the pure times of their state, that they had no word which signified the murdering of a parent.

A few

A second letter more guarded and more decent, though also very injurious, appeared in the *Independent Chronicle* of Monday, October 16th, in these terms :

A LETTER to GENERAL P——I.

“ —— O how fall’n ! how chang’d
 “ From him who lately in the fields of Freedom,
 “ Cloath’d with transcendant brightness, did outshine
 “ ‘Thousands tho’ bright!’ ——

MILTON.

S I R,

W H I L E you was at the head of your brave countrymen, equally distinguished as a soldier and a legislator, you merited all the panegyricks which were liberally, not to say lavishly, bestowed upon you for your abilities in the cabinet, and for your valour in the field. A mere well-wisher to the cause of liberty is a very respectable character, considered in a patriotic light ; but the man who is ready to employ all his talents in the service of his country, who is ready to spend his whole time, to risk his fortune, and to hazard his life in its service, rises upon us considerably : he is to be more than barely respected by us ; he is almost to be revered ; he commands admiration from all, but from the abject slaves under an arbitrary government ; and even from many of these extorts applause. They dare not, indeed, avow the liberal sentiments (if such sentiments are ever stirring in their minds) in public, but they secretly approve of that resistance to tyranny which they cannot, dependant on the smiles of a despotic sovereign, openly commend.

The noble stand, which you, for so many years, made against the tyrannical Genoese, placed you on a footing with the most eminent heroes of Greece and Rome, and your name, whenever it was mentioned, naturally filled the republican heart with a kind of exultation : every man,

whose bosom glowed at the sound of liberty, read of your gallant achievements with the warmest satisfaction; every new exploit gave him new delight, and made him sincerely wish that you might prove, at length, triumphant over all your imperious adversaries, and their insolent allies.—From year to year you stood your ground with an inflexible fortitude, and with a laudable intrepidity, animated with the true spirit of patriotism; nor did you quit your country till your continuance in it would have been of no advantage to your countrymen.---That you chose rather to leave Corsica than to make submissions to the conqueror, I am not in the least surprized at; but your mode of behaviour, since your departure from the island which you could not defend, (the superiority of your enemies, indeed, in the field, rendered all attempts to defend it any longer ridiculous) must appear, to those by whom you was almost venerated for your military and your patriotic virtues, highly problematical, if not extremely exceptionable: problematical, because your motives cannot easily (to your credit) be accounted for; and exceptionable, because many of your own expressions, recorded by your ingenious, but enthusiastic biographer, may be produced to lower you in their eyes.

When Mr. Boswell published his History of Corsica, I read it with avidity, because I fully expected a minute account of the man whose name I had frequently repeated with singular pleasure; and I was not disappointed.---You are exhibited by him in the most favourable colours; and you was certainly, while he made that exhibition, a very illustrious character.---His whole journal afforded me great entertainment; but while I perused your *remarkable sayings*, (as Mr. Boswell justly calls them) I was uncommonly struck with their spirited conciseness and sentimental strength. Some of those sayings attributed to you by Mr. Boswell, whose veracity upon this occasion is, I presume, indisputable, are the following:

“I have an unspeakable PRIDE--*Una Superbia indicibile!*”

“The *approbation of my own heart* is enough.”

“To accept of the *highest offices* under a foreign power would be to SERVE.”

“My

“ My interest is to gain a name.”

I must now beg leave to offer you a few remarks on the above sayings.

When Mr. Boswell mentioned to you the severe proclamation at the last peace, in which the brave Corsicans were called *Rebels*, you replied, said he, with a conscious pride, and proper feeling : “ Rebels ! I did not expect that from Great-Britain.”

Now, Sir, if you did not expect such treatment from Great-Britain, it is to me astonishing in the highest degree, that you should think of setting your foot in this island, especially as you have “ *Una superbia indicibile.*” If *your own heart*, at this moment, approves of your appearing here in the situation you are generally supposed to be, you must certainly have left all your pride behind you in Corsica.--- To condescend to receive favours from the very men who have done every thing in their power to lessen your consequence in the world, is to discover great humility indeed : but surely such humility rather marks the *Spaniel* than characterizes the *Man*.

“ To accept of the highest offices under a foreign power would be to *serve.*”---What a striking proof have we here of the mutability of the human mind !---If you ever recollect that declaration, the remembrance of it must surely, if there is the smallest spark of that spirit which nerved your arm in the day of battle, fill you with very disquieting emotions.

By accepting of an *honourable* post under a foreign power, even under the monarch whose troops were successful against those under your command, you might still have made a brilliant figure in Europe.

“ What ! enter into the service of my greatest enemy ! ---to live in a state of servility, in a nation of slaves !”

Such an answer would have come from you with an extreme good grace at *CORTE* ; but such an answer would not, indeed, drop with any propriety from your lips at *London*.

The last *saying* of yours which I shall take notice of, is the following : “ My interest is to gain a name.”---When you repeated these words, you certainly meant a *good name* ;
but

but had you duly weighed them before you came to England, you would have shone among us with a far different lustre, than that which you appear in our eyes at present.--- No man can help being unfortunate, but every man may avoid the imputation of meanness, by doing nothing to deserve it.

I cannot conclude, Sir, without assuring you, in the strongest terms, that I took up my pen with the sincerest concern, to inform you of the state of my mind on the prevailing opinion, with regard to your situation in this metropolis.---Most sorry was I, to hear that you was not a free agent in this country of freedom.---The wretch who begs from door to door, goes to whom he pleases; he acts without controul, and bravely speaks what he boldly thinks.--A slave at the oar may *think*; but who can *act*, who can *speake freely*, who is shackled with a p----n? I am, Sir, truly respecting you for those virtues of which you are possessed,

Your very humble servant,

L I B E R.

Such have been the attacks on PASCAL PAOLI, on his arrival in a country where he expected to find every bosom glowing with benevolence towards him. And let him not think he was mistaken. Blush, blush, ye anonymous bravoës, who have attempted to stab this hero in the dark. Your attempts have failed. The great and the worthy amongst us, and the People in general, have received him as he could wish, and will every day be more warmly interested for him and for his cause.

But

But lest the infamous insinuations and daring invectives against him, should poison any minds, and by such means, the French emissaries should serve the purpose for which they are hired, this pamphlet is written. Let it not be thought extravagant to suppose that the French are at the bottom of what we have read. They are certainly apprehensive, that PASCAL PAOLI will one day be in a condition to wrest from them their ill-gotten dominion over his country. They are aware of his becoming the favourite of the *British* by his personal presence among them; and therefore, they certainly wish to infuse suspicions, of which, however, it is hoped, few amongst us will be the dupe.

“ *The amazing conquest of Corsica,*” is made a topic of abuse. Well may a topic of eulogy be made of its *amazing defence*. The brave islanders absolutely beat the French for a whole campaign, and were not subdued, but by a force amounting to near *forty thousand men*, with a complete train of artillery, and every necessary of war in the greatest abundance and perfection; much more so than was amongst them, when they faced the Allied army in Germany.

Let *forty thousand* French so equipped, land upon our coast; and what will be the consequence? I do not wish to answer. But till it can be boldly affirmed, that, in such a case,
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Great-Britain would undoubtedly not be subdued, at least for a time, it would be better to spare reflections against the *Corfican* valour.

But why (say the Frenchified pensioners) did not PASCAL PAOLI expose his person more than he appears to have done? Gentlemen, it is easy for you to throw out such reflections; but it must be either from ignorance or wilful malignity. What wise general ever exposed his person? And if ordinary generals ought not to do it, how much more was it the duty of the General of the Corficans not to do it, when upon his life depended the whole government and well-being of his nation. The place of an ordinary general may be supplied; but nobody could supply the place of PASCAL PAOLI. It was his wisdom that united the people. He was the soul of his nation. Without him it could not subsist.

Besides, I would have such as attack the courage of the illustrious Chief to consider, that the war carried on by the Corficans was of that kind which never can require a general to expose his person. It was not a war, in which armies advanced against each other in military pomp, and fought regular battles, as at Pharsalia, at Pavia, at Fontenoy, or at Minden. It was what is called *la petite guerre*; a war of defence by undisciplined
moun-

mountaineers. Small parties of twenty, thirty, forty men annoyed the enemy from rocks, woods, and at narrow defiles. Would it have been prudent or commendable for the General of the nation to have ventured his life at the head of any such parties, when there was room for no disposition of troops, no conduct in action; but the fusee of every individual was of as much consequence as that of a commander?

But, in order to satisfy the most unreasonable cavillers, though I speak it not to his praise as a general,—I am well informed, that, upon many occasions, PASCAL PAOLI *did* expose his person. The warmth of heroism, in the temper of the Man, prevailed over the calm and guarded behaviour of the Chief.

When I have said this much in general, I do not deny, that there were a few considerable actions, during the late war in Corsica; but these PASCAL PAOLI either directed in person, or entrusted them to his brother CLEMENT, in whom he could perfectly confide, and whose valour will for ever render him one of those great characters, who will appear with distinction in the historical picture.

When his country could no longer hold out against the force of France, or by holding out, could only shed the blood of her in-

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habitants

habitants in vain, PASCAL PAOLI quitted Corsica. The Grand Duke of Tuscany was the first prince who met him on the Continent; and he received him with all the distinction due to his merit. The Emperor, being then on a tour through Italy, had also an opportunity of shewing him the greatest attention. In Holland, the Prince Stadtholder did him all the honours in his power; and the Dutch seemed, in his presence, to recover their ancient spirit, by which they threw off the Spanish yoke. He passed through the Belgick hemisphere like a planet of Liberty, warming every soul in his progress.

But Great-Britain was honoured with being the main object of his destination. He arrived in London, as in a metropolis of freedom, where he might find multitudes congenial to himself, and in the full enjoyment of what he so ardently loved.

That he was grateful to his friends in this nation, and wished to shew his gratitude, appears from his letter to the Gentlemen who remitted him the voluntary contributions from Britain.

This letter has appeared in all our newspapers; but it will now appear again very seasonably. It is in the following terms:

“ Most

“ Most esteemed GENTLEMEN,

“ THE goodness and zeal with which so many generous Englishmen interest themselves in the justice of our cause, and the effectual means they have furnished for the defence of our liberty and country (at the same time that they most powerfully stimulate us to persevere in our undertaking), awaken in us sentiments of the most sincere regard and gratitude, the only manner in which we can now thank our benefactors. I, however, in the name of the whole nation, return them the most unfeigned thanks for the generous assistance that they have been pleased to procure us, and have remitted by way of Leghorn, agreeable to their letter of the 10th of February. I have applied this collection to the support of the families of those patriots, who, abhorring a foreign yoke, have abandoned their houses and estates in that part of the country held by the enemy, and have retired to join our army; and of all those other families who may in future find themselves involved in the same fate. I have thought this use quite conformable to the magnanimity of those who have contributed this supply, and have reason to think they will not disapprove of it: and at the same time, that it will be agreeable to them to be assured of the perfect esteem with which I have the honour to be

Your, &c.

This letter, we should think, might have effectually precluded all attacks upon the illustrious Chief, as if he had been ungrateful. And since so much noise has now been made about that contribution, let it be remembered, that in the great and opulent

city of London, it did not amount to two thousand pounds; and not to five thousand in all Britain. What a shame to those who would make that trifle the subject of loud accusation! But it is to be hoped, that such accusers are either destitute of money, or have it from our enemy, as the wages of perfidy. Who are those that cry, "*We* have contributed?" Let them appear. I will venture to say, that there is not a man, whose name stands on the generous list of contributors, who will now complain.

Arrived in Britain, in what manner was PASCAL PAOLI to conduct himself? A foreign Chief, on a visit to our nation, must pay respect to the nation in the person of its actual governors. Should He enter into the disputes by which our nation is distracted? Surely, no.

When I talk thus, I talk of PASCAL PAOLI, the CORSICAN CHIEF. His sentiments, as a *private man*, must be left out of the question. These we have no right to inquire into. Perhaps, as a *private man*, he may feel resentment against Ministers, who did not give that assistance to *Corfica*, which most people think they might and ought to have done: but as a statesman, as the friend of his country, as its guardian come to solicit assistance, to deliver it from oppression, it

was

was his duty to restrain his feelings, to assume the moderation of the cabinet, and if our Ministry have been wrong, to endeavour to set them right.

The reception of PASCAL PAOLI at the Court of Britain, has done mutual honour to our court and to him. As worthy a sovereign as ever swayed a sceptre, hath, upon this occasion, appeared with more than usual worth. Those who were present at St. James's, on that memorable morning, when the BRITISH MONARCH first saw the CORSICAN CHIEF, were witnesses to a scene fit for the pencil of the greatest painter. Our Nobility have vied who should pay him most respect; and amidst all the murmurs which we have heard against the times, we have had the pleasure of seeing the highest regard shewn to the noble Assertor of real freedom.

If it be true, that those who are at present at the head of our affairs, and have the national treasures in their hands, bestow a part in supporting the illustrious Stranger, ought we not to rejoice? or are we to be so inveterate in our opposition, as to abuse the best measures, because they are the measures of the Ministry? And should we wish the cause of *Corfica* to be neglected, rather than allow that those in power can do any thing that is right? If PASCAL PAOLI accepts of largesses from this
great

great free nation, by the hands of her governors, without any condition, does he demean himself, in the same manner that he would do, if he entered into the *service* of any state? And, in the name of wonder, how is it possible to suppose him a slave to Administration, when it is certain, that he can do Administration neither good nor evil?

Had PASCAL PAOLI been weak enough to make himself the idol of the rabble, he would then have been a slave indeed. He must have humoured the absurd caprices of every mechanic, of the dregs of the populace, and even of the false pretenders to patriotism, who now infest our nation; whereas, by appearing with that magnanimity, that dignified decorum, which becomes so exalted a character, he has established himself in the esteem and respect of all sensible and upright men, of whatever party, and bids fair to be of essential service to his countrymen.

You, Mr. BECKFORD, have it in your power to do much upon this occasion. You are now placed, as if on an isthmus, between Government and Opposition. PASCAL PAOLI is particularly known to you; and you are sensible of the importance of his cause. By conciliating the minds of all men, and making them all center in one general point, you may be the means of bringing about such measures

as n / prevent the daring schemes
of F gratify the ardent desire of the
I: ndon,—“ Mr. BECKFORD, assist
ur country.”

F I N I S.



